

# The TATLER

Vol. CLXXX. No. 2344

and **BYSTANDER**

London  
May 29, 1946



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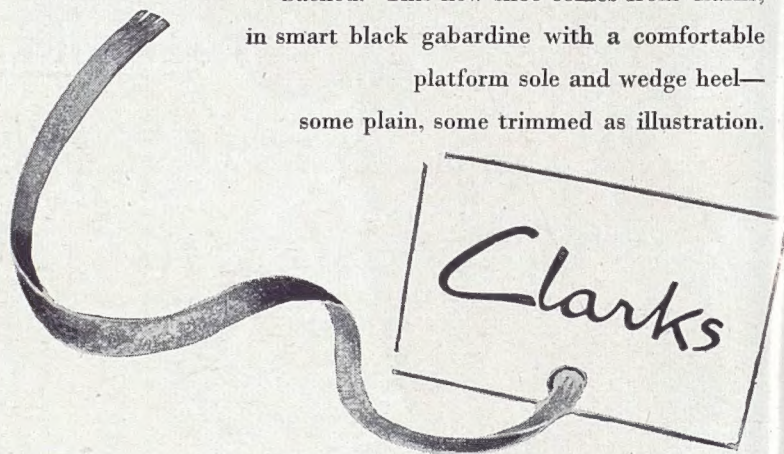
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# THE TATLER

and BYSTANDER

LONDON  
MAY 29, 1946

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*Brodrick Haldane*

## Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hohler and Their Son Adrian

Mr. Harry Hohler was appointed First Secretary at the British Legation in Berne last November. His young wife, who is the former Miss Susan Hood, is a daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Neville Hood, and a cousin of the present Viscount. Mr. Hohler has held many diplomatic posts in Europe, and is a great-nephew of the late Sir Thomas Hohler, a former British Minister in Copenhagen. This photograph was taken at their home in the Swiss capital.



# PORTRAITS IN PRINT

By Simon Harcourt-Smith

**E**TERNALLY the slave of my cats, I took them yesterday to the Isle of Wight, to spare them the nervous rigours of house-moving. It was also a pleasant excuse to see the Solent again. At this time of year that stretch of water assumes with its trees bowed over the waves the mythical luxuriance of some tropic estuary existing only in the imagination of a poet who could not bear the vulgarity of actual travel.

Half-way across we passed Nelson at anchor. Not only because of the patient hamper beside me, did the great battleship remind me of a cat—a Manx cat, nobly bearing the lack of any proper tail. The vast forecastle and puny quarterdeck are a melancholy memorial to the vanity of Man's worthiest intentions. Nelson and Rodney, laid down just after the first World War, were originally, I believe, to have been almost as long behind as before. Then, in 1922, came the Naval Disarmament Conference at Washington, to limit the size of capital ships. Nelson and Rodney exceeded the agreed maximum dimensions. But rather than scrap the whole design, our naval architects are said to have sliced off a good measure of the stern. This Procrustean act did not, however, prevent these two great floating castles from severely confounding His Majesty's late enemies.

## The Island

**I**NURSE an invincible affection for the Isle of Wight. I should hardly care to live in its pert lushness. But as a holiday vision, it has many graces. Particularly sympathetic is the slightly blurred romanticism of Ryde, tumbling down the hill from its neo-Gothic steeples, to the Ruskinian waterfront, and the pools abandoned in the sand by a faithless tide. Two-thirds of the way up the hill is as graceful a small Regency house as I know, echoing, off its iron pagodas the lament of a young lady visiting Ryde which is recorded in *Ackerman's Repository* for the year 1810. There has arrived for her, she complains, from London, a "Castilian robe" in the newest fashion. Just the thing to wear amid the elegancies of Brighton or Cheltenham. But the Isle of Wight is no place for overdressing. The plainest Indian muslins alone can be permitted, even in the Assembly Rooms where the Countess of C. and her two ugly daughters set all the fashion. Worse than that, the poor young miss roams the Arcadia of green lanes which end suddenly in the Solent, without any swain to sigh after her. I like to think of her dragging herself sulkily back to the house with the Chinese ironwork, sighing vainly from her pagoda-ed balcony up the Solent towards Brighton.

## Sophy Dawes

**O**N the way to Bembridge, the decorous train takes you by the village of St. Helen's with its ruined church from whose stones, used on their decks for scrubbing, sailors first got the habit of "holystoning"; with its memories of

William Hickey, lying becalmed in the Roads on his reluctant way to China, and eating out his heart for a last debauch in London; and above all its associations with the notorious Sophy Dawes, Baronne de Feuquières, mistress and perhaps murderess of the last Prince de Condé. Child of a drunken fisherman, Sophy Dawes, like Emma Hamilton a generation before, began her career in the servants' hall. She became the pet of that needy, elderly exile, Condé. When the Restoration restored him to wealth and his incomparable Chantilly,

he did as handsomely by her as any man, short of a reigning monarch, could well do by his doxy. Educating her, even to Greek and Latin (imagine a Middle Western "sugar-daddy" of today doing likewise by his blonde folly), he married her off to an officer of Louis XVIII's guards, got the handy creature created Baron de Feuquières, and enabled her to cut a great figure at that uneasy court.

Unfortunately, Feuquières fell in love with her, and cherished the illusion that

Sophy was merely Condé's daughter. When the truth came out, he made a great scandal; but with Talleyrand's support she rode out the storm. Alas! The years made of her an avaricious harpy. She nagged Condé into leaving her some £400,000; then two years later, in 1831, he was found hanged in strange circumstances. Sophy's hand in the affair was never proven; but the air of Paris grew too warm for her; she came back to London and died there in 1840. As from the charming hotel where I am staying, I look across the harbour towards St. Helen's, I find it difficult to imagine how a child from an obscure little fishing village—a creature, moreover, whose charm, not universally conceded by her contemporaries, to us must seem a matter for argument—could have managed to dominate one of the most important men in France.

## The Sitting Swans

**C**OMING to Bembridge in the spring, one cannot fail to be enchanted by the majestic sight of the swans ceremoniously seated on their nests in the reeds behind the harbour. A nesting bird, however ordinary or dun, is always an object of love; but a great sitting swan, dazzling among the dark reeds, her feathers sprayed round her like a skirt at the bottom of a curtsy, must inspire not only love but awe.

Then the little engine of our train is waltzing upon the turntable for her return to Brading; and on the hill the bell is ringing above the grave of a small girl, the first creature to be buried in the churchyard there, two or three days after its consecration in August, 1827. Her monument bears the following, not inelegant lines:—

"Scarce was this Temple raised into the Sky.  
Inviting Hope to build her Nest on high,  
And scarce this Turf was hallowed for Repose,  
Ere a sweet Flower had opened but to close.  
Encouraged by the Saviour's gracious Look,  
This tender babe its Mother's Breast forsook."





**"The Old Bembridge Stare"**

THIS place, with its villas of almost endearing ugliness wrapped like rare jewels in a cotton-wool of foliage, its self-sufficient life, the intense formalism of its sailing and its "season" always seems less like an English village than a smart, but not too smart, American summer colony—Portsmouth, Massachusetts, perhaps, or but for salt water, Dublin, New Hampshire.

Quite in the spirit of New England, too, are the exclusions, the suspicions of the outside world, the sudden scurries of social skirmishing. A few years ago, for instance, some summer visitors were made free of the Sailing Club. A certain dowager disapproved their admission; and the whole place was tense the day she encountered the interlopers for the first time on the club veranda. "What did you do, my dear," a breathless crony asked afterwards. "Oh, I didn't have to do much. I just gave them the good old Bembridge stare." There is something almost noble about a spirit of exclusion brought to this point. There is much to be said for a system where each village hates the village next door, and treats the man from three miles away as a foreigner. You might have occasional local raids, a few heads broken, a few girls carried off. But you would be spared the cruel imbecility of wars between whole nations. There is nothing, in short, if you want a quiet life, between the village state and the world state. The worst solution of all is the large national state which is with us still.

Meanwhile the original fishing population of this place has finally wreaked its revenge upon the elegant rich invaders of its quiet. For long the local lobsters, despite the muck from Portsmouth harbour dumped into the Solent, have been famous. Last evening I implored every fisherman I knew to let me have one to take back to London. To a man they gazed shiftily out to sea, complaining of bad

weather or faulty tackle. I came to fear they no longer felt anything but dislike for me. I developed a slight persecution complex. Then I discovered the truth. A London restaurant has apparently bought up the entire lobster output. Not even the sternest dowager, however powerful her stare, can get one, I understand.

**The Queen Mary**

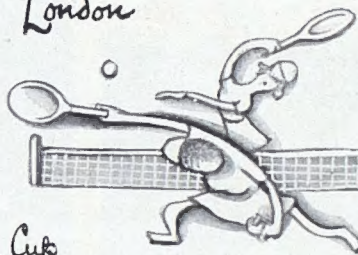
ON Sunday we went over to Southampton, to meet a great friend returning after six years of America. While waiting for the Queen Mary to dock, we repaired to the "Dolphin." There we came on something that pleased us almost as much as the advent of our friend—a kind of cupola with rococo plaster-work of about 1760 that feigned a rustic arbour. Layer upon layer of whitewash has blurred the carving, so that from afar it seems to be of indifferent quality. But this impression is soon corrected. I do not know whether the Georgian Society has had time yet to notice this enchanting piece of decoration. But I should dearly like to see some of the coats of whitewash carefully removed.

Then the plunge from rococo inns to the beaten copperwork, the loudspeakers booming like any dinner-table bore, on the Queen Mary. A sense of absurd frustration always fills me at the sight of a big liner, since reading Kafka's *America*. When next I go to America I shall do my best to fly.

**Notes for June**1<sup>st</sup> Eglonious4<sup>th</sup> Eton5<sup>th</sup> Epsom6<sup>th</sup>  
7<sup>th</sup>8<sup>th</sup> WhitsumVictory Parade  
London14<sup>th</sup> Wimbledon

Lawn Tennis

Whitman Cup

18<sup>th</sup>  
to  
21<sup>st</sup>Close of Asparagus  
Season

Ascot

Also: 20<sup>th</sup> - 27<sup>th</sup>

International Horse Show

— White City

and more tennis at

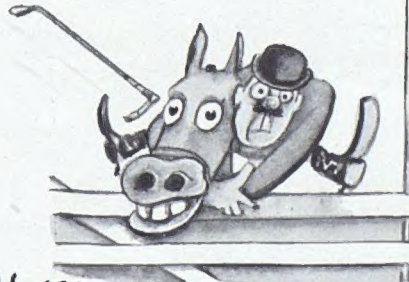
Wimbledon

The Davis Cup

22<sup>nd</sup> 1<sup>st</sup> Test Match

Lords—

England v. All India

27<sup>th</sup> Harrow. Speech Day—





# JAMES AGATE AT THE PICTURES

## A Jolly Film

SHOULD hangmen marry? This intriguing subject has not received the attention it deserves, and I suggest that the Government might take it up when it has finished its arrangements for ensuring that nothing is done about anything by anybody pending the time when everything will be done by the State acting for everybody. The date for this latter? The day after this country is atom-bombed out of existence by those idealistic hordes for whom the most intellectual of our weeklies has secured the hospitality of the Channel ports. Now let us get back to the more cheerful subject of the hangman, apropos, may I say, of the film entitled *Wanted For Murder* (Gaumont).

FIRST let us talk a little about murderers. Some murderers are charming people. Nobody ever met Dr. Crippen who was not pleased by his modest demeanour and general affability. He had good taste in old silver, and I remember Harold Dearden showing me a pair of elegant coasters with Crippen's initials on a silver plate. The jeweller was too late to deliver them to the little doctor who left this country in some hurry. There was a great deal to be said for poor Crippen, married to a drunken termagant and slut. I once knew a murderer who had far less excuse than Crippen. He was a charming young man, of a gay and debonair manner, and a free and open-handed disposition. Excellent company. Alas! that when funds ran short he conceived and executed the notion of insuring and setting fire to his mother. Which, of

course, executed him. But there again, I imagine that the young gentleman was a Dickensian, and had been led away by Sam Weller's, "Wery sorry to 'casion any personal inconvenience, ma'am, as the housebreaker said to the old lady when he put her on the fire."

BUT Crippen and Fox did not belong to the more revolting type of murderer, the poisoner and the strangler. It was always said that the Puritans put a stop to bear-baiting not because of the pain it caused the beast, but because of the pleasure it afforded the spectators. The point to make about some poisoners—not, of course, those who sordidly poison for money—is the exquisite depravity of their satisfactions. Of Neill Cream we are told that the topics he liked to talk about were women, music, money and poisons. Teignmouth Shore ends his account in the *Notable British Trials*: "His actions were probably governed by a mixture of sexual mania and sadism. He may have had a half-crazy delight in feeling that the lives of the wretched women whom he slew lay in his power, that he was the arbiter of their fates. Sensuality, cruelty, and lust of power urged him on. We may picture him walking at night the dreary, mean streets and byways of Lambeth, seeking for prey, on some of whom to satisfy his lust, on others to exercise his passion for cruelty; his drug-sodden, remorseless mind exalted in a frenzy of horrible joy. Whatever exactly he was, the halter was his just reward." The trial of Neill Cream

used to be my favourite bed-book, and there was a time when I knew the names of all his victims in chronological order. Ellen Donworth, Matilda Clover, and so on. In case the reader should wonder at their harmless critic's choice of bed-side literature, may I remind him that the author of *Murder as a Fine Art* was found one day in his drawing-room by his daughter with a writing-pad on his knees and his venerable locks blazing. "Daddy, dear," said the affectionate child. "Your head's on fire." "Is it, darling?" said De Quincey. "Then put it out." And he continued his writing.

THE point about the film at the Gaumont is the gratification accorded to the strangler by the act of strangling. Which means that anybody who attempts to make a film on this subject is at once up against the film censor. The strangler's motive being strictly unavowable, some other must obviously be found. What about making him the son of a public hangman, whose fingers owe their peculiar habits to heredity? That this is all my eye and the late regretted Mr. Billington won't trouble the one-and-ninepennies. What might a little incommode them is that the widow of the common hangman should be living in one of Belgravia's costlier mansions. Wherefore, it becomes necessary to make the present strangler the grandson of a hangman, with a father (deceased) who also showed traces of the throttling mania fortunately controlled by his wife. I saw this film when it was a play, when it was the oddest mixture of psychological study and melodramatic thriller, the first half calling for one of our more melancholy coterie theatres and the second for Drury Lane restored to its pre-Ensa glories.

It is odd, by the way, how fortune favours the man in form whether he is a champion golfer or a puling film critic. Every good golfer knows how, when you are playing well, your drive will run through bunkers, and your approach shot bounce off a spectator and come to rest within a foot of the tin and sometimes in it. It is only now, as I am about to close this little essay, that I realize that the authors of the play and film have gone straight to the Neill Cream case for one of their principal ingredients, thus justifying my allusion to that scoundrel which the reader, poor fool, thinks I wantonly dragged in. Wantonly? Yes. Dragged in? No. I prefer to think that the illustration was elegant and apt, and marked by the most delicate prevision. What, then, is the ingredient common to both stories? The habit alike of Cream and Mr. Eric Portman—who plays the strangler with so much verisimilitude, that when I lunched with him next day 'twas with an uneasy throat—the common habit, I say, of writing to the authorities, in the first case to the coroner, and in the second to Scotland Yard. And that, I think, is enough about a film which is possibly more interesting for its subject than for its handling.

LET me call attention to the entirely charming new French film, *Premier Rendezvous* (Curzon). This is a fairy-story of first-love, deliciously played by Danielle Darrieux magnificently supported by Fernand Ledoux. This actor has a genius for portraying the commonplace and unremarkable with such extraordinary fidelity that his performances are nearly always overlooked. In fact, I should be surprised to learn that I had ever referred to him before. And now at last he comes into his own, always provided I don't mean my own. And since the Curzon has also re-come into its own and all enlightened film-goers into their own, it would seem that everybody is, or ought to be, happy.



"Wanted For Murder" stars Eric Portman, as a strangler, victimized by his hangman grandfather's spirit, which psychologically urges him to commit these murders. With him is one of his victims Jenny Laird. Others in the cast are Dulcie Grey, Derek Farr and Roland Culver



# Peggy Martin

## One Of The New Television Stars

Peggy Martin first joined the Windmill Theatre in March, 1943, and is the latest recruit to climb from the chorus to stardom. She is now one of the resident soubrettes and has recently made a number of film and television tests. She will shortly be appearing in *Cabaret Cartoons*, devised and produced by Cecil Madden, which will be one of the first television programmes. The Windmill (We Never Closed) Theatre is rapidly gaining a new reputation as a nursery for potential stage, screen and radio stars, and among those who started their careers there are Jean Kent, Valerie Tandy and Jack Billings





# The Theatre

"Frieda" (Westminster)

MR. RONALD MILLAR, a young playwright who is already a dab hand at domestic drama, has a quick eye for a topical theme. In *Zero Hour*, which imagined what D-Day would be like, he got in just ahead of General Eisenhower but with too small a margin, and no anticipation, however intelligent, could stand comparison with the event itself. His eye has pounced this time on a problem which is not only topical but is likely, at least for the length of a satisfactory

run, to remain so. Should English soldiers marry German girls, and, generally speaking, can we ever trust the Germans again?

DRAMATISTS who ask such questions have usually no intention of answering them, and all Mr. Millar has set out to do is to exploit the complications that might plausibly arise if a squadron leader came marching home from captivity to his pleasant country home with a Fräulein in tow. Before he arrives the newspapers have given the marriage a little hectic publicity; the family, whose grief for the loss of his brother in action is still fresh, are worried and perplexed; and there are indications that the villagers are likely to make heavy weather for the young man and his enemy bride. Add the presence in the house of a political aunt who has on principle no use for Germans of any kind, and the dead brother's widow and the flustered mother willing to forget and forgive—nobody can say that the entrance of Frieda—shy, possibly sullen, Nordically blonde—lacks adequate preparation. But Frieda is not sullen, she is charmingly sympathetic and at once commends herself to the small boy who knows a decent sort when he sees one. She is a Catholic and the marriage still awaits solemnization in her Church; scenting the atmosphere of polite hostility she decides to delay this ceremony. And Mr. Millar skilfully conveys to us that while Frieda is in love, the squadron leader is not. She had helped him out of Germany, he has helped her out of Europe.

sister the swastika, recalling to her the sacred duty of the good German to prepare for the next war, and he sneers horribly at her humanitarian notions. He turns out to be the S.S. guard who mutilated one of the village boys. The husband is a decent Service type, but not very good at coping with complicated matters. Frieda must be like her loathsome brother, after all. She has deceived him, and he will not become her dupe. But when he thinks she has gone away to throw herself into the river his love returns, but for the final curtain it ebbs once more. The brother will always stand between them; she must go back to Germany. Yet the play is a great deal more effective on the stage than in summary: while we watch its development our minds are conveniently shut to the obvious solutions of the problem. We refuse to ask why the couple do not elude publicity by going to live elsewhere, and our refusal is a tribute to the play's persuasiveness and to the dramatist's mastery of effective dialogue and telling situation.

It is also a tribute to the acting, which is uniformly excellent. Miss Valerie White plays Frieda for all the world as though she were a German actress imported for the purpose, and makes all the points with fire and sincerity. Miss Barbara Couper gives an incisive sketch of the political lady whose intellectual passions so nearly lead her into murder; Mr. Jack Allen is extraordinarily pleasant as the decent young fellow who dithers naturally in an extremely trying situation; and Miss Barbara Everest is very delightfully the vague and devoted mother who is even more baffled by events than her son. Indeed, it is to the performance rather than to the play that the mind returns gratefully, and that owes much to the producer, who is Miss Irene Hentschel.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



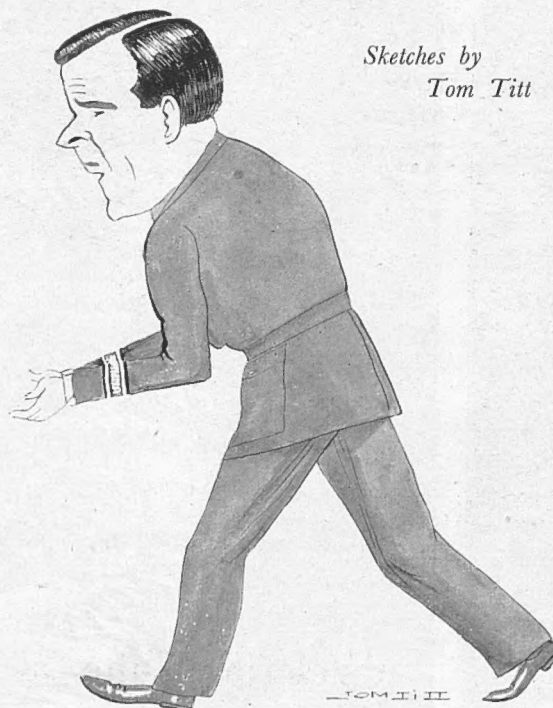
Eleanor Dawson, M.P., whose mission is to preach unrelenting hate of the German race (Barbara Couper)



Mrs. Judy Dawson, widow of a R.A.F. pilot, who bears no malice (Ursula Howells)



Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dawson, the British airman and his German bride who is the cause of all the trouble (Valerie White, Jack Allen)



Sketches by  
Tom Titt



Richard Mansfeld and Mrs. Robert Dawson, German Nazi and his anti-Nazi sister (Carl Jaffe, Valerie White)





Gordon Anthony

## Valerie White as "Frieda"

*Frieda*, by the young actor-dramatist Ronald Miller, is the first production by the Henry Sherek Players at the Westminster Theatre. Valerie White, as the German girl, establishes herself as an actress of great ability by her sensitive interpretation of the name-part





*Their Majesties, with Canon Spencer Leeson, the Headmaster, Walking Through the College Cloisters*

## THE KING AND QUEEN VISIT WINCHESTER COLLEGE

THE current fashion for attacking and abusing our great public school system indiscriminately, and without regard for any of its good features, made Their Majesties' visit to Winchester College of more than passing interest. It was a great day for all Wykehamists, past and present, the first visit of the reigning Sovereign to the ancient foundation of St. Mary's since 1912, and the King's act in asking the Headmaster (Canon Spencer Leeson) for an extra week's holiday this summer in celebration of the visit made an even more direct appeal to every boy listening than even the centuries-old ceremony of the welcome "Ad Portas" which the College extended to His Majesty. Lord Simonds, Warden of Winchester College, received the King and Queen at the Outer Gate, and conducted them to Middle Gate, where facing them in Chamber Court were assembled the Wykehamists of to-day, with the Prefect of Hall (I. C. S. Normand) in front, standing on what to the uninitiated

looked like well-worn flagstones, but to Wykehamists are hallowed as "Middle Sands," on which junior boys walk only at their peril.

SIR GEORGE GATER, Sub-Warden, stood with the Head and the Warden, and behind the King and Queen were the Fellows of the College, including a very old friend of Their Majesties in the form of Lord Wigram. Lord Royden, who more often meets the King and Queen when they are arriving at or departing from Euston on their journeys to and from Balmoral, was also there, with Lady Royden. Like Lord Wigram, he is an Old Wykehamist and a Fellow. At tea in Hall, the King and Queen were amused at the snow-white cloths on the Royal party's tables, while the boys ate, in accordance with Wykehamist tradition, off well-scrubbed bare boards. As they walked round the school afterwards, watching an outstandingly smart parade by the J.T.C., and inspecting the War Cloister, the King and Queen talked to several

of the boys, including the son of one very famous father, Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery's boy.

THEY saw, too, that relic of a bygone age, the donkey-headed painting of the "Perfect Servant," which remains one of the mysteries of the College. From the moment that the Prefect of Hall began to recite his long Latin oration, "Ad portas, te, . . ."—which he did so faultlessly that the King gave him special words of congratulation and praise—till the Royal party left, amid the cheers of the whole College and School, everything went so smoothly and well that old William of Wykeham, who founded the College five hundred and fifty years ago, would have been well content that his motto, "Manners Makyth Man," is still meticulously observed by Wykehamists to-day in a world where manners seem to be growing rarer.

*Jennifer*





*The Queen Stops to Have a Word with Some of the Boys*



*"Ad Portas": the Prefect of Hall, Mr. I. C. S. Normand, Addresses Their Majesties in Latin*



## Cocktail-Party Held for the Old Vic Com- pany in New York

The Old Vic Theatre Company received one of the greatest theatrical welcomes New York has ever seen on their opening night. Two thousand people, including most of New York's Four Hundred, came to see *Henry IV., Part I.* Outside the theatre three tickets were sold for as much as £20. The British and the U.S. flags draped the stage above the flags of the eleven Security Council members. Drawings of the Old Vic Company by Topolski appear on pages 268 and 269



Gertrude Lawrence, Sir Alexander Cadogan, the British delegate to the U.N.O. Security Council, Laurence Olivier and his wife, Vivien Leigh



Mrs. Julius Fleischmann and her husband, Mr. Julius Fleischmann, who is a member of the sponsoring committee for the Old Vic in New York

*Janifer writes*

## HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

PRINCESS ELIZABETH was the guest of honour at the Hon. Mrs. Forbes Adam's successful dance recently and looked exceptionally pretty in a dress of pale-pink satin. She danced almost continuously throughout the whole evening. Amongst the other attractive girls who danced round the large ballroom were Miss Virginia Forbes Adam, daughter of the hostess and granddaughter of the third Baron Wenlock; Lady Caroline Spencer-Churchill; her cousin, Miss Mary Churchill, who wore a lovely dress of cream moiré, and gave a small dinner-party at her parents' house before the dance; Field-Marshal the Earl of Cavan's daughter, Lady Elizabeth Lambart, looking pretty and petite; Miss Angela and Miss Elizabeth Jackson, and Lady Mary and Lady Elizabeth Lumley, who are daughters of the Earl of Scarbrough. Two other girls, who were escorted by their brothers, were the Hon. Patricia Stourton and Sir Charles Hodson's only daughter, Anthea.

Half-way through the evening, refreshments were served in a ground-floor room, and here I saw Lord Rupert Nevill, the Hon. Rosalind Bruce, who is a daughter of Lord Aberdare, and Lord Fairfax. Princess Elizabeth was chatting to her cousin, the Hon. Margaret Elphinstone, who looked charming in a pale-green dress, while Miss Mary Churchill was telling some of her friends about her recent visit to Holland. The Duke of Rutland's younger brother, Lord John Manners, was also there. Lady Dashwood looked as chic as usual, while her daughter Sarah introduced her good-looking fiancé, the Hon. Morys Bruce, to a few of her friends who had not already met him, and discussed the arrangements for their wedding, which is drawing very near now. Others at the dance were the Marquess and Marchioness of Hartington, with his younger sister, Lady Anne Cavendish, and their cousin, Catherine Macmillan, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, Miss Vivien Mosley and Miss Patricia Beauchamp.

### THE DERBY LUNCH

ONE by one the old events of the social calendar that used to make up the pleasantest features of the London "Season" are slipping back into their accustomed places. This year, for the first time since pre-war

days, we shall be able once more to have the benefit of the owners' own views on their chances in the Derby, for the Press Club has revived its Derby Lunch, and the journalists have extended invitations to all owners, trainers and jockeys of horses entered in the race to lunch with them and tell them "all about it." Before the war, this was a function of great festivity, and though austerity rules and rationing prevent anything like the hospitality of those days, there is likely to be just as much fun and leg-pulling as ever. The Duke of Norfolk, Lord Stanley, Lord Hamilton of Dalziel and Lord Willoughby de Broke are among those who will be present, along with many other well-known figures in the racing world.

### AT THE CHINESE EMBASSY

HUGE vases of double white lilac and big bowls of tulips decorated the drawing-room at the Chinese Embassy when Mme. Wellington Koo was At Home for a committee meeting to arrange the Aid-to-China Ball at the Dorchester on July 24th. Mme. Wellington Koo, looking beautiful in her national dress, received the guests; Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, chairman of the ball, presided at the meeting and told everyone that the tickets were to include a proper supper at small tables, there was to be no auction, and instead of the more usual cabaret, there was to be a mannequin parade of autumn models arranged by one of the big couture houses. As always happens when Lady Dalrymple-Champneys is chairman of an appeal, the tickets sold fast and furiously and were very nearly all gone by the end of this short meeting. The Hon. Lady Cripps, who is President of the British United Aid to China, sat next to the chairman, and among others I met at the meeting were Lady Suenon-Taylor, a supporter of so many good causes; Mrs. A. V. Alexander, who took a table for six for the ball; Princess Galitzine, in a most attractive yellow hat; and Lady Wakefield, wife of the Member for St. Marylebone. The Countess of Midleton, looking very pretty and wearing a beautiful sable stole over her light dress, took tickets at the meeting, and during tea which followed was chatting to Mme. Phang, who is also working hard to make the ball a success. Lady Crosfield; the Hon. Lady Egerton, Catherine Lady Headley, Mrs. Everett

Vogt, Sir Frank and Lady Sanderson and Mrs. Robert Annan were others at the meeting who took tickets for what promises to be one of the best balls of the season.

### VICTORIA LEAGUE

THE Duchess of Devonshire received the guests at the ball organised by the young contingent of the Victoria League at 23, Knightsbridge recently, for the purpose of welcoming a number of Dominion and Colonial visitors, Service personnel and students who are at present in this country. Her Grace, who is chairman of the Victoria League, has been working hard to raise funds to have a big centre in London for Dominion and Colonial visitors, called Victoria League House, as a memorial to troops of the Empire who have fallen in this war. Here they will find a welcome and all sorts of facilities during their stay in the Mother Country. In April, the Duchess of Devonshire organised a very successful concert at the Albert Hall in aid of this League which was attended by H.M. the Queen. Among those who brought parties to the recently-held ball were Lady Royle, Lady Dulverton, Lady Coningham, Mrs. Lanigan O'Keeffe, the Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Dawson, the Hon. Elizabeth Somers-Cox, Lady Cecilia Anson and Mrs. Lucas, chairman of the Victoria League Young Contingent.

### FAST OR SLOW

WITH the war over and restrictions on "going places" abroad being lifted more and more each week, many people are planning trips overseas. Flying is fashionable. It was not, therefore, surprising to hear trips to all parts of the world being discussed at the party given at the May Fair recently. The joint hosts were Captain George McCorquodale, his brother, the Rt. Hon. Malcolm McCorquodale, and their cousin, Mr. Hugh McCorquodale, who were celebrating the publication of the first post-war *Bradshaw's Air Guide*, which is the only official guide to air travel I have come across yet.

The Hon. Mrs. McCorquodale and Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale, better known to many readers as Barbara Cartland, the author, were busy helping their husbands entertain their guests, who included Lord and Lady Ebbisham, with their only son, Roland. Princess Romanovsky





Mrs. Cornelius Whitney, the wife of the chairman of the sponsoring committee, and Col. John Hamilton, of the British Army



Mr. and Mrs. John Hanes, Mrs. Fell and Mr. Richard Aldrich. The party was held at the Coffee House Club

Pavlovsky was with her husband, Prince Vsevolode, whose business brings him in close contact with many air-lines. Lord and Lady Luke were there greeting many friends, as was Viscountess Elibank, who told me that she and her husband are flying to Denmark shortly for a holiday.

Other air-minded people I met at the party were the Marquess of Ely, who is now connected with South American Airways, and Major-General Sir Drummond Inglis, who is with B.O.A.C.; he was accompanied by Lady Inglis.

One other amusing party I went to that week was also connected with travel, but in a much slower way. What a contrast from a fast transatlantic plane to a peaceful canal barge! This second party was given at the Lansdowne Club by the Duchess of Grafton for the London Boatwomen, who had kept the barges running between London and Birmingham during the war. The Duchess worked on one of these barges for a year, and knows all the rigours of the work. At this party I met Miss Gaythorne, who trained most of the women for their arduous task; one of these was attractive blonde Miss Shadwell, who told me she had spent three years working a barge between London and Birmingham, with three other girls, and their cargo varied from wheat to steel and aluminium to coal.

#### PIPERS ESCORT FOR BRIDE

CROWDS lined the street for an unusual spectacle when, escorted by pipers of the Scots Guards, Miss Nadine Pilcher, a charming bride, walked with her father, Vice-Admiral Pilcher, from their home in Wilton Place to the nearby St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, for her marriage to Lord Killearn's son and heir, Captain the Hon. Graham Lampson. The bride wore a beautiful gold-brocade gown which belonged to her great-grandmother, and was attended by three child bridesmaids and two little pages, all dressed in white—her cousin, Charlotte Hollis, Corinna Dixon and the Hon. Caroline Best, Lord and Lady Wynford's little daughter, John Perowne and Christopher Cadell. Corinna Dixon carried the bride's train, which she did with the greatest care not to tread on the voluminous tulle veil! The church was beautifully decorated with masses of white flowers, and Archbishop Germanos, of the Greek Church, gave the blessing. This was a tribute to the bride, who is half-Greek, as her mother was, before her marriage, Catherine Moraitinus, a granddaughter of that famous Greek statesman Aristide Moraitinus, who was Regent and Prime Minister of Greece. Vice-Admiral and Mrs. Pilcher received the guests at the reception, where in the big crowd I saw many members of the Diplomatic Corps, including the Latvian and Estonian Ministers and their wives.

Lord Killearn, who is now in the Far East, was unable to get home for his son's wedding. The young couple left for a honeymoon in Cumberland in a charming house lent them by the Earl of Carlisle.



Col. Lionel Neame watches Margaret Leighton demolish an ice-cream. She plays Lady Percy, wife of Laurence Olivier's Hotspur, in "Henry IV., Part I.



Raymond Massey, the actor, with Mr. A. D. K. Owen, Assistant Secretary-General of the Economic Section of the United Nations



Joyce Redman, the inimitable Doll Tearsheet of the Old Vic Company, and Ralph Richardson



Vivien Leigh and Gertrude Lawrence talk to Bryant Parker, a page-boy with the Company



# AMERICA ACCLAIMS THE OLD VIC THEATRE COMPANY

THE tremendous scenes of enthusiasm inside and outside the New Theatre which ended the Old Vic season in London proved to be but the forerunner of even wilder scenes a few days later when the Company arrived in New York. Within two days of finishing their run in London, the entire company (with the exception of Dame Sybil Thorndike, who stayed behind to join her husband and daughter in their venture at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith) were rehearsing in New York, and on May 6th the Old Vic Theatre Company's first performance (*Henry IV., Part I.*) was given at the Century Theatre (all seats for the entire run having already been sold out).

A packed first-night audience, full of internationally-famous names, greeted the Company with shouts of applause, and next day the sincere appreciation of the general public found voice in the daily Press when reviews by America's best-known theatre critics were published.

SAYS Howard Barnes, of the *New York Herald-Tribune*: "Our distinguished visitors from London could scarcely have chosen a better introduction here for their craftsmanship. . . . What makes the work tremendously exciting is the spectacle of a true repertory company working with artistry and imagination to achieve a glowing and vibrant piece of theatre."

And Lewis Nichols, in the *New York Times*: "In the waning days of a far too placid season, the Old Vic of London has come to bring some excitement to the local theatre."

Laurence Olivier and Ralph Richardson have had such a terrific personal success that old films (long since shelved) in which they are featured are being revived on Broadway.

THE Company are presenting *Henry IV.* (Parts I. and II.), *Edipus*, *The Critic* and *Uncle Vanya* as their American repertory. When they return to London, rehearsals will start on *King Lear*, which will be seen at the New Theatre on September 25th with Laurence Olivier in the title-role.



Ralph Richardson as Falstaff



Falstaff Takes Coleville Prisoner



First Entry of Oedipus (Laurence Olivier)



## Topolski Did These Drawings

Sitting in the wings during performances at the New Theatre, Feliks Topolski, Polish war artist, created these drawings, which have been selected from a great number of incredibly spontaneous and vivid sketches. Topolski's painting in oils of Olivier as *Edipus* (based on the original sketch reproduced for the first time on the facing page) is already well known and is, in fact, regarded as one of the artist's major works in oil. Maurice Collis, the distinguished art critic, in his introduction to Topolski's new book, *Three Continents, 1944-45*, says, "One should never forget that he [Topolski] is that rare phenomenon, a born or natural draughtsman, a man endowed with the curious faculty of so feeling the shape and articulation of things that when he puts pencil to paper the forms arise instinctively as if he were writing." Topolski is quiet, gentle and humorous. His studio is on the banks of the canal near Paddington, and there he lives with his young wife, Marione, and his one-year-old son, Daniel



*Falstaff Holding Court*



*The Blind Seer and Edipus*



*Hotspur Says Farewell to Margaret*



*Olivier as Shallow*



## France Defeated England in the Davis Cup



Marie Petra, wife of Yvon Petra, the French Davis Cup player, watching the match with her daughter, Marie-Christine



Derek Barton playing a back-hand. He lost 6-4, 6-4, 6-3 to Yvon Petra



Yvon Petra, "double metre," as the French call him, prepares to hit the ball that will seal the set against Derek Barton

## PRISCILLA in PARIS

"Play . . . not to miss."

HAVING missed the more select Varnishing Day of the Paris Salon, I went to the Grand Palais (renamed the Palais de New York) a few days later. The crowd was a veritable bargain-counter scrum. One couldn't see the pictures for hats. I was not sure whether I was in a hot-house or at a flower-piece show. Pictures *en masse* make me feel bilious, and I retired from the fray very quickly with a splitting headache, and the regret that so much paint had been wasted when I so greatly need a few pots of that rare commodity for the doors and shutters of the Farm-on-the-Island . . . of which more anon. That the hats were prettier than usual was a poor consolation. I have long since joined the hatless brigade, finding it iniquitous to have to pay five or six thousand francs for a handful of flowers, a wisp of tulle and a knot of rayonne ribbon.

This year there is an agreeable absence of official portraits. The reason for this is, no doubt, the dearth of officials worth painting. The features of our gentlemen of the ex-Constituante are less pleasant to gaze upon than the gorgeous studies, by Jouve, of wild animals, and the great soldiers one might have liked to see have been too busy elsewhere to find time to pose. Two very fine busts of Franklin Roosevelt by François Cogné, and of Princess Charlotte of Luxembourg by Landowski are well worth a pause; and, of course, I fell for Jean-Gabriel Domergue's colourful and sophisticated "Hyde Park," though I refuse to believe that the *jeunesse dorée* of London wear "white" toppers in anno domini 1946!

THE theatrical event of the week is the Marcel Achard play at the Michodière, *Auprès de ma blonde*, wonderfully produced and played by Yvonne Printemps and Pierre Fresney. This is a *Cavalcade à rebours*, the first act, showing Printemps and Fresney as grandparents

in the year 1939, and retracing their lives to their youth and engagement in 1889. A few years before the last war Louis Verneuil brought me a play from America, *Merrily We Roll Along*, by George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart, that was built on the same lines. We adapted it for the French stage, but the parsimonious managements of those days found the nine changes of *décor*, the forty-six characters and innumerable "supers" that would have been needed somewhat discouraging. Achard has got over this difficulty by confining the action of his play to one family, and conducting it in the big living-room of their old house; but each tableau shows a change of furniture, pictures and ornaments, and is done with an enchanting perfection of amusing details. The 1920 period, with its flamboyant colourings, crude designs and soulless pictures; its waistless, cloche-hatted women coiffured *à la garçonnette*, and its blatant ragtime, seems further away from us than the prim dullness of the 'eighties. The most interesting aspect of the play is the psychological retrogression of the various characters, and the last act explains the almost incredible conduct of some of the personages. This is the one play that must not be missed by visitors to Paris.

THE servant shortage is not so acute here as it is, I gather, in London, but the wages are so high that we have had to cut down the domestic staff, and quite a few young hostesses are learning to juggle with the carving-knife at the sideboard. At a recent dinner given by Mme. Regina Camier, whose *matinées poétiques* have been so well attended, this young actress donned an overall and gloves in order to wrestle with a luscious joint of pork that she had smuggled back from a trip to Normandy, while we sat round her blue, candle-lit table looking like a lot of little Oliver Twists. At this party I met Prince Paul

Mourousy and his clever wife—Simone Chevalier—who has organised the *thés littéraires du lundi* at the Carrère cabaret (rue Pierre-Charron), where many well-known people have lectured, and Marguerite Bennett spoke of her husband to a packed assembly of the Bennett "fans" that still abound in Paris. He also directs the *Cahiers d'Art et d'Amitié*, and runs the *Jeudis d'Auteurs* at Le Saint-James (avenue Montaigne), where readings are given from authors past and present, and excerpts of their plays acted by various stage stars. Regina Camier is shortly to give a *causerie* on Henri Duvernois, who was the Charles Dickens of Paris of the early days of this century, and on May 30th there will be a second reading of Paul Mourousy's appreciation of Rimbaud.

At long last my seats are booked on the train to Nantes that takes me three-quarters of the way to my Farm-on-the-Island, where my faithful Miss Chrysler waits for me. I shall only believe this is really true when I find myself motoring over the Gôa with the friends who are kind enough to pick me up and take me the rest of the way. The Gôa is the four-kilometre-long causeway that, at low tide, permits one to drive, more or less dry-shod, to the Island. It is a somewhat amazing sight when, after miles of salt marshes that lie below the sea-level, one suddenly comes upon the long ribbon formed by concrete slabs, slimy with seaweed, that winds its way across the gleaming stretch of sands. Every few kilometres 12-foot-high platforms have been erected on to which belated travellers may climb if they are caught by the water that rises so swiftly that it is easy to be cut off if one has been careless about the hour of low tide. I have always been canny, but friends of mine have had the horrid experience of watching, from the safety of their eerie, the waves creep over the causeway and, little by little, engulf car and luggage. What these look like when



# THE CALL WAS NOT DENIED

*John Cliffe*

"NOT the fruit of experience but experience itself is the end," declared Walter Pater. From the age of eleven it had always been my ambition to be a dramatic critic, but it soon became evident that my natural ability to hit a moving ball with a racket, or a bat or a gloved hand, better than the next man was going to guide my footsteps to sporting rather than Thespian fields.

It was, however, the drama and the romance of Wimbledon which fired me with an insatiable urge to become part of it.

It was really inevitable that I should eventually find myself in the Press Box at Wimbledon rather than in a complimentary front row stall at the Old Vic.

When I was demobilised from the R.A.F. last year I decided that at thirty-seven it was time for me to lay aside my tennis racket and take up my tennis pen, and I did so with enthusiasm. To my great astonishment I found myself called upon this year to partner that great doubles player, Henry Billington, in the Davis Cup in Paris. I had written to the L.T.A. at the beginning of the season suggesting that they should find Billington a promising young partner, and that although Billington and I were the pre-war holders of the Hard Court and Covered Court Championships, I had now become a critic rather than a serious player. But the call to play for one's country cannot be denied, and thus I found myself in the extraordinary position of being both critic and performer in the Davis Cup match against France in Paris.

THIS brings me to the point of my opening quotation. The fruit of all my tennis experience was my job as a journalist, and the experience itself was the actual playing in the match as well. I doubt if anyone has ever gone nearer to eating his cake and still having it than that.

Enough about myself and something about the match in Paris. You will remember that Y. Petra and Pierre Pellizza both beat Donald Macphail and Derek Barton in three straight sets, while Bernard and Destremau beat Billington and myself 13-11, 4-6, 7-5, 6-1. Petra is a young giant of 6 ft. 4 in, who is a very creditable imitation of Tilden, with his cannon-ball service and his long strides over the court. Pellizza is a more compact and perhaps sounder player; but they should both be in the final stages at Wimbledon this year. All the English spectators were greatly impressed with the play of the Frenchmen, and I shall be surprised if they do not win the European Zone of the Davis Cup and qualify to meet the U.S.A. in the inter-zone final in Australia. The winners will play Australia, the holders, in the challenge round in Melbourne next Christmas.

DONALD BARTON, our new youngster of twenty-two, opened brilliantly in his match against Petra: he led 4-1, and was within a point of 5-1 twice after winning the first four games of the match. It was his first international match, and he made a splendid debut before the rather alarming Continental crowd, who roar their disapproval of a linesman's decision. Even the disquieting thought that 40,000 Frenchmen can't be wrong did not upset our prodigy.



Photographs by Paris-Matin and Samedi-Soir

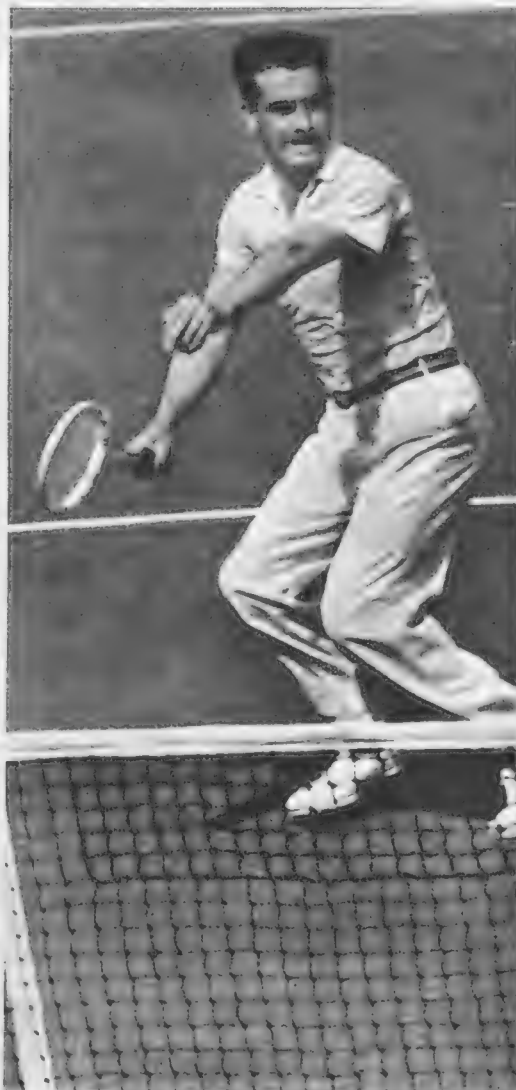
Some of the players photographed before the opening match were Bernard Destremau, Pierre Pellizza, Henry Billington, the trainer of the British team, Yvon Petra, Don Macphail and Marcel Bernard. The first round of the Davis Cup tennis match of Britain against France was won by France 5-0

the tide goes down doesn't bear thinking about. The only thing to do is to get a haul to the mainland, be properly dried out . . . and sell the whole bag o' tricks to an unsuspecting enemy as soon as possible since, no matter how well the drying has been done, rust will occur sooner or later in the most vulnerable and ungetatable parts of the car.

ONE arrives at the narrowest part of the island that is swept, in autumn and winter, by the Atlantic gales, but the Farm is beyond the sheltering woods of evergreen oaks and firs and the great thickets of mimosa-trees that flower only a week or so later than on the Riviera. . . . In the still more sheltered, high-walled gardens there are palm-trees, one can pick late roses in November and camellias bloom in the open. . . . The Farm is on the dune and the garden stretches down to the beach. . . . To me the place is Paradise . . . but after five years of Boche Occupation what shall I find? Who cares? There will be the sea and the sun and the yellow, yellow sands!

*Voilà!*

● A famous dramatist whose conversation is as boring as his writing is brilliant, has long been a terror to the artistes who appear in his plays. They dare not offend him but, on the other hand, a tête-à-tête in his company is a nerve-racking experience. Recently he invited his leading lady to lunch. They were in her dressing-room. She accepted and the dramatist took his leave. The door had hardly closed behind him when the actress said to her dresser: "Remember to ring up to-morrow and make my excuses to that old bore, I simply will not lunch with him!" At that moment the door opened again, the "bore" having forgotten his gloves, and it was obvious that he had heard what had been said. . . . With great presence of mind and without a change in her voice, the lady concluded: ". . . because I am lunching with this gentleman instead!"



Don Macphail about to take a forehand volley at the net during his match with Pierre Pellizza





Miss Mary Connell

## THE DEBUTANTE OF THIS SEASON

By SWAEBE

IN presenting my selection of what I consider the outstanding debutante of 1946, I feel I have undertaken a heavy task. However, having been through several wars and many varied professions, I feel that perhaps I may be forgiven if adoring mothers will bear with me on this occasion. I have not the slightest doubt that although I have seen some 500 or 600 young ladies, there are yet others who have not passed my way. It has not been easy to pick out from those I have seen one who, in my opinion, for what it is worth, is outstanding. Still, needs must when the Editor drives, and here is the one I have chosen. Miss Mary Connell will be aged eighteen in December. During the war she was at Southover Manor, Lewes, finishing her education. Her father is a shipbuilder and their home is in Dumbartonshire.

*I have picked out Miss Connell for many reasons, and I would like to emphasise that this is only my personal opinion. This young lady is well-groomed and wears her clothes ably. Her complexion is fresh without too much artificial assistance. Slim and graceful as a willow; hair tastefully arranged on a perfectly poised head; vivacious without being precocious, and with a delightful personality which she combines with conversational ability. Her deportment is excellent. What more could one desire or expect?*

MANY of the debutantes I have seen were delightful, and it was only after long and careful consideration that I decided on Miss Connell. I would like to have named at least a dozen others, but the Editor is adamant that I must name one, and one only.



SWAEBE,  
Doyen of Photographers



# IN LAUSANNE NOW

Brodrick Haldane has been in Switzerland for several weeks, and on his travels has met many personalities who were holidaying over there in the spring sunshine. Among the places that he visited on his Swiss holiday were Berne, Bahl, Zurich, Zermatt, and that beautiful mountain resort, Kleine-Scheidegg. These pictures were taken in Lausanne



*The Marquise de Cramayel and Her Son Guy. The Marquise is the younger daughter of Sir John Latta, and her home is one of the loveliest and most historic houses in the Ouchy residential quarter of Lausanne, L'Elysée. She is sitting with her twenty-year-old son, who is the present Marquis, in the garden which overlooks the Lake of Geneva. L'Elysée is one of the finest specimens of a house built in the French style in the Swiss Canton of Vaud. Here for a time lived two celebrated women, Mme. Récamier and Mme. de Staël*



*Miss Gwen Kingham is a British subject living in Lausanne. When France fell she was in the capital with her invalid father. She was arrested by the Gestapo and sent to an internment camp, until, becoming seriously ill, she was allowed to return to Paris. Later she made her way secretly to the French-Swiss border and at last arrived in Lausanne without food or money*



*Mme. Walter Mermod in her exquisitely-furnished home, Petit Ouchy, overlooking the Lake of Geneva. The house stands above a lovely garden from which there is a superb view of the French Alps. Mme. Mermod is a widow; she was formerly Mlle. Beatrice Stoffel, and is a member of an old Swiss family. She has one daughter and two grandchildren*



# The First Garden-Party in Berlin

Given for Marshal of the R.A.F.  
Sir Sholto Douglas



Lt.-Col. Graham Carter, who spent most of his time taking cine films at the party. Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir Sholto Douglas is the first airman to become Governor of an occupied country



The host at the party was Gen. Robertson, the Deputy-Governor of Berlin. With him is Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir Sholto Douglas, the C-in-C. of the British Army of the Rhine and the new Military Governor

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

## Standing By ...

THAT new apricot-and-crimson orchid (*Laelio-cattleya Anaconda*) which dazzled the mob at the Royal Horticultural Society's show came—as was only proper—from Surrey, where the stockbrokers live; Surrey, the last stronghold of Edwardian Baroque.

Only those orchidaceous boys know the right way to give a woman an orchid for corsage-wear; the graceful twirl of the well-manicured hand, the audacious look, the gay, gallant quip (or maybe a comic version of one of those good stories perpetually going round the Stock Exchange), the practised *ensemble* of passion and

persiflage. We once saw a thruster, a hard man to hounds, trying to do the same with pitiful results. "Here, stick this orchid—I mean, here's a what-d'-you-call-it-for the thingumbob." No wonder leathery girls turn with loathing from such mumbling oafs. Hunting-men should look up their Proust and see how daintily Slogger Swann pulled the orchid gag, so to speak, with Odette de Crécy in the Paris of the 1880's.

### Afterthought

To fumble over orchid-handing is likewise a poor return for the services of professional orchid-hunters, who endure incredible perils and are essentially baroque in speech, as we well remember from a romance of our golden infancy about orchid-hunters in Borneo or some place. "Courage, my friends!" one of them kept saying. "Though it seems impracticable to attempt to traverse this well-nigh impenetrable forest [swamp, jungle, bush], who knows but that stubborn fortitude may be rewarded a thousandfold by the discovery," etc., etc. On one occasion a large snake bit him after this speech, which was all right with us, too.

### Check

FOR selling lemonade at sixpence a glass on top of Scawfell Pike, Cumberland, an ex-Flight Sergeant got into trouble with the National Trust. Without prejudice, as the lawyers say before eating your liver, one feels somehow that lemonade is the last thing needed at 3210 feet above sea-level. Or so one of the Alpinist boys assures us.

Alpinists have undoubtedly been spoiled by those marvellous St. Bernard dogs (who are trained not to mind rescuing them) with their little brandy-barrels, which Alpinists empty at one gulp. Centuries of courteous forbearance prevent the Abbot and community of that world-famous Augustinian hospice from raising an eyebrow as a dog returns barking for more supplies, followed on all-fours by an Alpinist, completely cockeyed, covered with eidelweiss and snow, and issuing incoherent challenges to fight, but what they (and we) think is another matter. Longfellow puts it very temperately:

A traveller, by the faithful hound,  
Half-buried in the snow was found,  
And when they got him back again  
The blighter started raising Cain.

The pious monks of Saint Bernard  
Do not take such mishaps too hard;  
They never shrug, or rudely stare,  
But murmur "Vive l'Angleterre!"

Is the Public Relations Officer of the Alpine Club in the house? Hello, there, sir. No offence, God bless you.

### Fallacy

ANOTHER scientist having been slung into the cooler for treason, one is entitled to wonder whether the present wave of crime among the laboratory boys is not a childlike form of exhibitionism, due to their ignoble social cravings.

In logical form scientific reasoning may run thus:

1. Rich women love anybody notorious;
2. If I pass a few national secrets to Russia I may get into the headlines;
3. Therefore Mrs. Goldenkranz will ask me to dinner, at least once.

This is a fallacy, of course. Rich women make temporary pets of poets, monkeys, clowns, company-promoters, and even book-critics, but never of scientists, for obvious reasons. As Lady Blessington cried to d'Orsay, "How on earth, *cher ami*, can one be London's leading hostess if one is holding one's nose all the time?" D'Orsay's gallant reply, "*Chère amie*, half the blokes in Society would die to hold an exquisite snoot, like yours," cut no ice at all.

Nothing doing in Mayfair, in other words. The Royal Society should issue a secret and confidential circular. The boys could probably sell it to some Embassy.

### Rake

POSSIBLY the late Mr. Henry Jenkins (1501-1670), whose hideous tomb near Scorton, Yorkshire, appealed to one of the picture-papers recently, is Britain's Oldest, as Yorkshiremen aver. But he lacked the vivacity of his runner-up, Mr. Thomas Parr (1483-1635), who is buried in Westminster Abbey, amid so many less eminent.

In 1588 the skittish Mr. Parr, then aged 105, did public penance in a white sheet in Alderbury parish church, Shropshire, for carrying on with a young lady named Catherine Milton. Even fashionable West End actors like Charles



"Well, it may be all right—I'm just not taking any chances, see?"





Col. Ted Edwards, Brig. Jack Treadwell,  
Director - General of Public Relations,  
and Gen. Erskine



Brig.-Gen. Sir Edward Bellingham, of the Military  
Control Commission, Lt.-Gen. M. Pope, Canadian  
Military Mission, and Gen. C. Lancon

Macklin (1690-1797), who gave his farewell performance at Covent Garden at 99 and died at 107, can behave better than that. However, old Mr. Parr did the informative boys a good turn by recalling that beer in Henry VII's reign cost 6d. a barrel, that starch was first used in England by a Flemish laundress in the 1560's, that fans, masks, and muffs were invented by "Italian Courtezans" and imported under Elizabeth, and so forth. It's all in a Harleian Miscellany pamphlet called *The Old, Old, Very Old Man*, by John Taylor, the water-poet. And of course Taylor or the aged man, or both, may have been lying. What interests us is that Mr. Parr was a Shropshire Lad, one of those vexing types in whose behalf Hugh Kingsmill recently wrote that fine gloomy Housmanesque lyric beginning:

What, still alive at twenty-two,  
A clean upstanding chap like you? . . .

No doubt in a pre-Pelman era Mr. Parr kept forgetting to take his life. Tck, tck.

### Spectacle

Nobody in his senses connects joy with any Civil Service anywhere, a morbid chap was saying recently, but he erred. We once met

two exquisitely happy Civil Servants. They were Greeks, descendants of wily Ulysses.

By the side of a white, dusty road, blinding under an intolerable sun, they sat in a shady booth, drowsy, frowsy, unbuttoned, unshaven, and at peace; dozing, chain-smoking, passing a bottle, meditating, and at regular intervals crooning together in close harmony a popular music-hall love-ballad of the period called *Sphixi mir*. They wore no collars or ties, and when crooning of Love they closed their eyes in ecstasy and answered no questions whatsoever. From a Greek linguist with us we gathered their job was to collect dues from incoming farmcarts, if any farmcarts ever came that way. Towards evening they padded off to the nearest wineshop and spent half the cool, starry Greek night drinking *ouzo*, very comfortably. If one didn't know that Pain spares no living being one might think those Hellenic bureaucrats had never a care. Maybe they each had a Penelope at home to spit in their eye.

Anyhow, they made our own Civil Service look like a lot of vile stony-faced sourpusses, and it struck us forcibly that what kills all joy in Whitehall is the loveless, loathly trim bowler, the neat umbrella, the washing, the shaving, the priggishness, the eternal inhuman fuss. With such a rancid life it might be (as the poet remarked) better far to die, but as most of the Whitehall boys have never lived this doesn't seem to make much sense.

### Challenge

NOTING that a Contract Bridge authority has been reviving the old stern warning about adjusting your bidding to the calibre of your partner, we remembered that defiant piece Tennyson recited in St. James's Square, outside the G.H.Q. of the game, when the matter was first brought up in *The Times*. You may not know it:

Pick me a fighting baby, Portland Club!  
Some partner fit to mop up game and rub,  
No tiny, wan, emaciated crone,  
No piffing one-club piece of skin-and-bone,  
But some enormous, bronzed Old Roedean wench,  
Fit to take slams in bulk and never blench,  
Heavy and fierce and menacing in manner,  
With bulwarks like the Ephesus Diana,  
With feet like fighting-ships of H.M. Navy,  
Some girl of calibre, and grit, and gravy,  
Some 4'7 touch, whose cannonades  
Shake all Pall Mall with roars of "Fifteen Spades!"  
Together we will get the suckers down,  
And make yon dive the Toughest Club in Town!

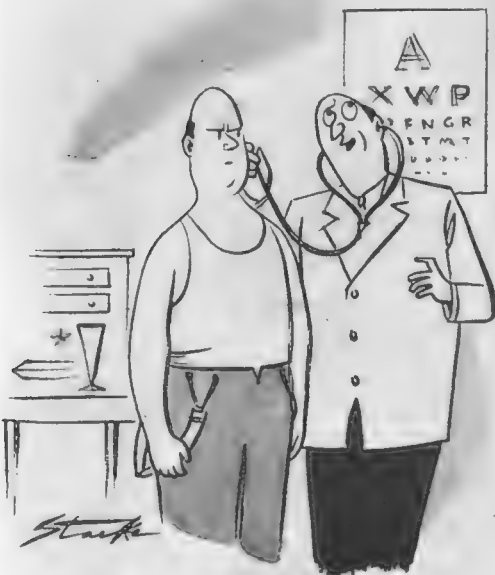
When Tennyson checked in for his peerage they said "Look here, I mean, this sort of thing, I say, look here, hardly, what?" So Tennyson cut it out of *A Dream of Fair Women*, and who shall say he erred?



Gen. Noiret with Gen. Kouly, the French Deputy-  
General to Gen. König



Gen. Nares with Col. Daldy, Head of the Staff  
Group of the Control Commission



"These singing noises in your ears certainly are remarkable. Well do I remember this aria from 'La Bohème'!"



By "Sabretache"

## PICTURES IN THE FIRE

## The "Jumps"

WE thought that we had thrown the worst of them behind us when we said good-bye to Aintree; but this was not so! The prevailing disease is manifesting itself in the Derby market. It is a striking demonstration of the general state of nerves. We, and the world at large, seem to have lost the art of keeping our hair on. Last winner—last favourite—is what the market is saying to us. It is quite a dangerous course to steer, but, at the same time, it is but fair to admit that there is plenty of cause for our perplexity. Before the Two Thousand you could have had 50 to 1 Happy Knight (April 27th); at the call-over at the Victoria Club he shortened to 33 to 1; his S.P. (May 1st) was 28 to 1; on the course after the race he was at 4 to 1 to good money, not to threepenny-bits; on May 11th they were not quite so fond of him (95 to 20), and just because, so it must be supposed, someone thought that he knew what had happened in a gallop with Gulf Stream, Fleet Street's win in a 7-furlong race on Guineas Day must therefore have meant a lot more than its face value, which, in my very humble opinion, was exactly nothing. We even saw it stated that his connections then knew that Fleet Street was 8 lbs. to 10 lbs. better than the dethroned Gulf Stream. Who can have given anyone that information? Only the trainer, the owner and, perhaps, the head lad, know at what weights they are sent out for a stripped gallop. There is no reliable evidence that the two colts were ever tried at all after the Guineas.

## "An Everyday Young Man"

FLEET STREET'S forward rush to 8 to 1 from 33 to 1 was just another manifestation of the "jumps." Some measure of sanity returned after this quite ordinary, but well-meaning, animal had been soundly turfed-out in the Newmarket Stakes, and he receded to 12 to 1; later both he and Aldis Lamp went out to 50 to 1. Whatever anyone may think of Radiotherapy, one thing ought now to be certain—namely, that whichever colt wins the Derby, it will be neither Fleet Street nor Aldis Lamp, the latter of whom was hit to the boundary (33 to 1) after the Newmarket Stakes, for which, incidentally, he started at 3 to 1 in a field of three runners, Fleet Street a very short-priced favourite. Almost hysteria! They liked Radiotherapy quite a lot before the Guineas: after it they hit him for six (14 to 1), and now, because he has beaten Fleet Street and Aldis Lamp, they like him again (8 to 1; Khaled and Happy Knight level favourites, 6 to 1, on May 16th). They, however, warn us to be careful, because Radiotherapy has Stratford in the lower half of his pedigree. I do not follow. Stratford was by John o' Gaunt (Galopin on the dam's side) out of Lesbia by St. Frusquin. If they had trotted out The Tetrarch *tache* my poor brain might have coped with it, without being convinced that it was a *tache* at all. However, there it is: this nice chestnut colt lays out something somebody thought had beaten something a lot of other people previously had thought to be good, and at once becomes something like a level favourite for the Derby. Carey, who rode Radiotherapy in the Guineas and the Newmarket Stakes, and who is a jockey with a good head on him, said to the inescapable Press interviewer that he was convinced that Radiotherapy would stay the 1½ miles at Epsom, and I suggest that we listen; but then, Khaled equally ought to get 1½ miles, and, personally, I cannot get his beautiful make and shape out of my mind's eye. Over all towers the giant owned by Sir William Cooke, whom everyone, winners and losers alike, would be delighted to see lead in his first Derby winner. On May 15th Happy Knight had a slight temperature. The sensitive market reacted at once, and he drifted out two points, from 4 to 1 to 6 to 1. Gulf Stream hardened a point, 10 to 1, against his banishment price of 14 to 1 on May 4th, and

100 to 7 in some places. Then (May 17th) Happy Knight came back to 9 to 2, and on May 18th, after it was reported that his temperature was back to normal, 4 to 1, the price laid on the course immediately after the Two Thousand. If the bookmakers had worked out a scheme for getting a nice bit of field money, things could not have panned out better for them. They have to thank The Jumps!

## What Wins It?

THESE notes will be published on May 29th, a whole week before the Derby, so there will still be the second barrel in reserve in case the earth should open and swallow Happy Knight or Khaled, or whatever else you may fancy. If I knew how to tell fortunes by tea-leaves, I should consider that this was an appropriate moment to have a try. It has been said that you should believe only half of what you see, nothing of what you hear. Outside the witness-box there is no ban upon your saying what you believe. So here goes! If Happy Knight has come down that quite steep hill sufficiently well to be in the fighting-line after Tattenham Corner, I suggest that on the disclosed facts his dash of foot will carry him home and his length of stride kill any challenger, however good. I believe Khaled to be the ideal type for Epsom, and finally, I refuse to believe that Gulf Stream's Guineas form was right. Walter Earl is no amateur, and his calculations cannot be as far out as that gallop would suggest that they are. All the same, I think that Doncaster may suit Gulf Stream better than Epsom. Much as I abominate the Germans and everything connected with them, some of their proverbs are very apt. Here is one that is very easy to memorise: "*Wenn das Wörtlein wenn nicht wahr, dann Ich bin ein millionaire!*"

## See—Horses

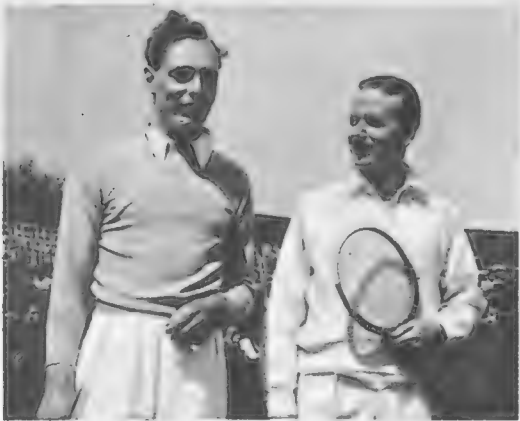
IT has been stated for general information that the reason why the French colt, Goyama, ran so badly in the Guineas was because the rough passage across the Channel made him seasick. This could not be, since horses cannot "get sick" the same as you and I, and no one has so far managed to contrive any method for making them so. Obviously, the quite gruesome remedy which Old Salts are so fond of recommending to landlubbers is not practicable. Reference is made to that chunk of fat pork tied to a piece of string. It is just because a horse cannot be vulgarly sick like we can that the sea is apt to upset him so badly, particularly if he has not been duly prepared. Emphasis is laid upon the last two words. For a short sea-passage the precautions essential for a long one of many weeks may not be present, but any horse in training cannot be the worse for being let down a short time before he is shipped. Get the corn out, a bran mash in, and a four-drachm ball of aloes, and it will do him no harm. I am certain that he will be happier when sent to sea than he otherwise would be; it is also certain that he will come to hand quicker after he has been landed than he would have done if he had been sent upon the bounding billow full of the ration customary to the racehorse in training.

## "Pronunciation"

IT must have caused a great shock to many I former denizens of "The Shop" to learn, per broadcaster, that there is a racehorse of the name of "Oobeekay." This little effort fully deserves to rank with some others: "Narrerter," "Resorlved," "Negatyved," "Rysh," "Medeeval," "Ruddyments," "Ressippee," "Lucksurry," "Eugolistic," "Particullarly," "Rowmance," "Poonjarb," "Dunshawlin," and a good many more manglings with which we are nowadays asked to put up without a murmur. The Gunners and the Sappers, however, particularly dislike "Oobeekay."



Mrs. Bostock, the former Jean Nicoll, was congratulated by Brig.-Gen. Jack Smyth, V.C., D.S.O., on being a triple winner at the Hard Court Championships



Derek Barton, the young twenty-two-year-old British Davis Cup player, and Jack Harper (Australia), who became British Hard Court champion when he defeated Barton at Bournemouth



Sir Leonard Vavasour is President of the Professional Lawn Tennis Players' Association. With him is Daniel Maskell, the professional champion of Great Britain



D. R. Stuart

### Personalities at the Hard Court Championships at Bournemouth

Lord Lyle of Westbourne came to watch the finals with his daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Nancy Glover, Wightman Cup International, and her husband, Cdr. Philip Glover, R.N., ex-Navy singles champion





Miss Kay Hume Dudgeon clearing a fly fence on her own horse Drumhillagh Lad. She tied-for-first place in Competition D. Women riders were remarkably successful in the many horse-jumping events. The show was a five-day event, and over 150 horses and ponies competed in the various jumping competitions

## Royal Dublin Society's Spring Show



Lady Carew and her elder son, the Hon. Patrick Conolly-Carew, who competed in the classes for Children's Ponies



Mrs. William Aiken and her mother, Lady Maffey, wife of Sir John Maffey, the United Kingdom's Representative in Eire



Major the Lord Killanin and Lady Killanin, who were married last December. Lord Killanin's home is Spiddal House, Co. Galway



The President of Ireland and (behind) his wife, Mrs. Sean O'Kelly, with Professor H. H. Dixon, the President of the Royal Dublin Society, who escorted them and their military A.D.C.s to the horse-jumping enclosure



Photographs by Poole, Dublin  
Lord and Lady Rossmore with their daughter, the Hon. Brigid Westenra. Lord Rossmore, who is the sixth Baron, lives at Rossmore Castle, Monaghan. They also have a son, the Hon. William Westenra



## ELIZABETH BOWEN

reviewing

## BOOKS

"A Star Danced"

"How Small a Part of Time"

"Merchant Airmen"

"With a Bare Bodkin"

## Leading Lady

"A STAR DANCED" (W. H. Allen; 10s. 6d.) is Gertrude Lawrence's autobiography. Like everything else she has done, it is distinctive—even in form, for it darts to and fro in time. We don't begin, for instance, with "I was born." We begin with her dash back, by air, from America to England to join E.N.S.A., in Spring 1944. Even that was taking a chance: Miss Lawrence had to envisage being stranded, for perpetuity, in Newfoundland, for she had not got a priority—others had.

Ernest Hemingway was among the favoured ones. I met him then for the first time. There is something about Mr. Hemingway that makes one think of a small boy—a rather mischievous small boy whose pockets are full of bits of string, old rusty nails, chewing gum, and maybe a pet toad or two. A small boy hiding behind a big, bushy beard. He asked me, grinning:

"Suppose there is no place for you on the plane? What will you do?"

"Stow away," I retorted, "in your beard."

Reprieve and lightning vitality have already put us at our ease with Miss Lawrence (if one can bear to call her anything so formal) by the time she, looking out of her Savoy window on her first night in London for six years, invites us to follow her thoughts back. Above the blacked-out city the stars seem to her unreal bright and near: all the more palpable to the senses through being invisible, London—vast, complex, mysterious yet familiar—speaks to this home-coming London child. A thousand memories start up, and we share them. So, back we go to the scene of the earliest days: Clapham—which "has its own code, its own proper pride, and its own firmly rooted conventions."

Alas, the American language has clung to Miss Lawrence's pen. Surely no little Clapham girl ever danced on a Clapham side-walk? And, later, we hear of a pugnacious little Gertie squabbling with a pig-headed Master Noel Coward over a *phonograph* (gramophone)!

I give voice, early on, to my first and last complaint about *A Star Danced*—a delightful book about and by a delightful woman. This, and something more. We still have, in this battered world, many delightful women, but only one Gertrude Lawrence; of whom C. B. Cochran says: "She is the producer's ideal leading lady."

## What It Takes

A LEADING lady must be at once born and made: she learns, and never stops learning, and out of what she keeps learning she keeps making herself. At least, this was the impression I got from *A Star Danced*, as the story proceeds and the past catches up with the present. The "then" and the "now," by the way, go on being interleaved, till the space between them is, gradually, demolished. This fluidity, even in writing, seems fitting to Gertrude Lawrence: I find I cannot picture her otherwise than in movement. For this reason, none of these many photographs seem to me to be her: each has just missed something. Gestures, turns of the head, flickering of the eyelids cannot be frozen into a portrait.

"The transformation of a singing dancing gamin to a glamorous first lady of the theatre," is the *New York Post's* summary of *A Star Danced*: really, I can't better it. The transformation was a rigorous process, full of changes and chances and ups and down, *contretemps*, black Mondays, tight spots, mortifications. Anybody who thinks success is a matter of luck should read this book. So-called luck is sheer character—head, nerve, grit, dash and staying-power. If Gertrude Lawrence hadn't got 100 per cent. character, she would not be where or what she is.

The little Clapham tomboy knew what she wanted, and went head-on for it. Dreams were not an escape; they were an incentive. Like many other remarkable people, Gertrude Lawrence has the (I believe) advantage of mixed blood: her father was a Dane, a concert singer who vanished early from the domestic scene, leaving the paternal role to be played, in Gertie's childhood, by her stepfather, the more reliable "Dad." Gertrude Lawrence was, for a bit, an Italia Conti child; she went off on tour young; she was one of the juvenile angels in *The Miracle*. Off-stage she was not angelic—why, they were always asking her, could she not be more like her little cousin Ruby? At fifteen, though perfectly happy at home, she ran away, to throw in her lot with her errant father and his long-suffering friend Rose—with these two, working the rounds of provincial music-halls, the unsheltered school of real touring life began. She knew what it was to be stranded by defaulting managers: at Shrewsbury, one town where this happened, she turned to and became an efficient barmaid. Arthur Lawrence's daughter soon learned to stand on

her own feet. When her first big break—a telegram from Lee White, offering her a part in a *Charlot* revue—came, she had not got the price of her fare to London: it was essential to be on the spot *at once*. This was during World War I: half-a-dozen young soldiers, on the eve of going to France, sent round the hat among themselves for her fare. Waving as her train steamed out of the station, they shouted: "Best of luck, Gertie! Mind now, don't let us down!"

## Comparisons

SHE did not let them down. And more, this incident is the key to a mysterious allusion, made early on, to a "debt" she had to repay. Those boys of World War I, waving her off on her way to fame before they went their ways to battle, were in Gertrude Lawrence's mind when she moved heaven and earth to get back here from America to entertain the boys of World War II. The E.N.S.A. tours of Britain, before D-Day, were no picnic—but were nothing to what was to come when the E.N.S.A. units followed our armies across the Channel. These last passages of *A Star Danced* make exciting, triumphant reading—shot and shell, minefields, and that precarious crossing of the Seine. The contrasts drawn, in this book, between the two different Londons of two wars are striking; this much-observed leading lady is, also, a born observer.

The dazzling dawn of success days—the lights of London, love and gaiety, the intoxication of having New York at one's feet: all these stand out all the more against the never-forgotten (though never resented) early hard times. Through all, however, the constant factor is love of the theatre, plus sheer hard work. Miss Lawrence's high spirits are infectious: they radiate even from cold print. About her private life—marriages and affairs of the heart—she writes like a gentleman: that is to say, with a mixture of chivalrous discretion and masculine fairness. Many notable people make a vivid appearance in this book. Miss Beatrice Lillie and Mr. Noel Coward (from boyhood up) have nothing to fear from Miss Lawrence's friendly pen.

## Beauties

FROM truth to fiction: in *How Small a Part of Time* (Peter Davies; 9s. 6d.) we have two young ladies taking the world by storm. Magdalen King-Hall, whose latest novel this is,

## To Be the New Ambassador in Washington: Lord Inverchapel at Home



Lord Inverchapel, who is photographed in his London home in Mount Row, was formerly Sir Archibald Clark Kerr, until he was gazetted baron, in April of this year as Lord Inverchapel, of Loch Eck, in the county of Argyll. He was appointed Ambassador in Moscow in 1942, and in February this year he went out as special envoy of the British Government in Batavia



has a flair as well as a head for the eighteenth century: her "Lovely Lynches" appear in the *beau monde's* firmament while George III. is still young on the throne. Entranced as I was by their careers, I could not but be sorry they left Ireland, for Miss King-Hall writes so well about that country. There are, I believe, several Rivers Blackwater, but for me there will never be more than one—that which rises in Kerry, flows through Co. Cork, then on through Co. Waterford into the sea at Youghal. This is the Blackwater whose course Miss King-Hall traces, in the lyrical opening passages of her novel; and it is on the cliffs some miles from the river's mouth that she places the home of her heroines. I even know of a ruined mansion on the site she has pitched on for Cabra House.

Dolly and Jenny—one tall and radiantly fair, the other *petite*, brilliant and dark—are the daughters of "Beau" Lynch (a superbly typical squireen of his day) and his better-born wife, Hester, niece of the Earl of Kilthrush. The "Beau's" father won Cabra House, at cards, from its original owners, the Kyles: the place is lonely, rocked by Atlantic gales, and is not only heavily haunted but carries with it a sinister tradition of bad luck. Here, with as many duns at the door as there are horses in the stables and vats of wine in the cellars, Dolly and Jenny grow up, beautiful savages. When they are half-way through their teens, Mrs. Lynch, now a widow, decides on a desperate throw: she takes the girls up to Dublin for a season.

*How Small a Part of Time* is a novel written in the manner of a biography: Miss King-Hall (a most effective device) draws from imaginary sources—letters, memoirs, journals. The "Lovely Lynches" do really seem to have lived; and their lives, when they enter the great world, become interwoven with those of historic people. Both marry into the English peerage: first Dublin, then London, then Paris (the hectic and brilliant Paris of the years preceding the French Revolution) fall at their feet. Are these daughters of the ill-fated mansion to break, then, the tradition of ill-luck? Not quite: a dark thread of fate runs through Jenny's glitter: it is a Kyle who, finally, wrecks her life. Dolly's emotional trials are subtler; by gentle force of character she is to live them down. Long ago, an old peasant foretold of the two sisters that one would break her own heart, the other make her own soul. . . . A little too much history has, possibly, been packed into this novel—none the less, without breaking its spell.

### Grand Record

"MERCHANT AIRMEN" (H.M. Stationery Office; 2s.) was prepared by the Ministry of Information for the Air Ministry: it gives us the magnificent story of Civil Aviation during the war. In those perilous, crowded years, we may well have wondered about this—and however much we did wonder, we could not then be told. How great, in the matter of supplies and communications, was our own and our Forces' debt to the "merchant airmen" can only be realised now. And what a story!—those imperturbable, unescorted flights, those extending air routes, deflected, in the dark years, as airfield after airfield fell into enemy hands. The unnamed compilers of this book have done good work: descriptions of flights are vivid, maps clear and many. The photograph illustrations are so striking, and often so fantastically poetic, as to make me shun the use of superlatives.

### Pin Control

OF Cyril Hare's detective stories my only complaint is, that they are too infrequent: he is a writer for the fastidious, combining legal cool thinking with a muffled compassion for human nature (this being rare in detective fiction). In short, a writer to recommend to those who don't care for the general run of "Who-done-it's" and corpse-on-the-mat stuff. His latest, *With a Bare Bodkin* (Faber; 8s. 6d.), combines an amusing satire on a wartime control (he calls it the Pin Control) with a water-tight plot. The Pin Control functions in a vast, cheerless house at the distant seaside; and its personnel, thrown on their own resources, devise a grim joke which has a still grimmer end.



Gordon Anthony

### Sachererell Sitwell

Sachererell Sitwell is heir-presumptive to his brother, Sir Osbert Sitwell, who is the fifth baronet. In one generation, this brilliant literary family has produced three of the finest poets and writers of our time—Osbert, Sachererell and Edith—who are, one and all, established in the front rank of contemporary literature. The Sitwells are descended from the Saxon Earls of Northumberland, as affirmed by an old pedigree in existence 1756. They come from Derbyshire, and the name was originally spelt Cytewell. Sachererell Sitwell, whose many writings include "Conversation Pieces," "Sacred and Profane Love" and "The Homing of the Winds," is renowned, as are his brother and sister, for the perfect craftsmanship of his art. He is married to the former Georgia Doble, of Montreal, Canada, who is sister of the actress Frances Doble, and they have two sons, Sachererell and Francis.





*Lampson — Pilcher*

*Capt. the Hon. Graham Curtis Lampson, Scots Guards, only son of Lord Killearn and of the late Lady Lampson, married Miss Nadine Marie Cathryn Pilcher, only daughter of Vice-Admiral and Mrs. C. H. Pilcher, of Wilton Place, S.W., at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge*

## GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



*Williams — Carter*

*F/Lt. Robert L. Williams, D.F.C., R.A.F., son of the Rev. and Mrs. H. F. Williams, of Ideford Rectory, Newton Abbot, South Devon, married Miss Dorothy M. Carter, daughter of Major and Mrs. W. M. Carter, of Shrubbery Road, S.W.16, at Holy Trinity, Brompton*



*McLeod — O'Shea*

*Mr. Roderick James McLeod, son of the late Mr. Roderick McLeod and of Mrs. McLeod, of Inverness, married Miss Valerie Cynthia O'Shea, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. V. O'Shea, of 66, Harley Street, W.1; at St. George's, Hanover Square*



*MacDirmid — Campbell*

*Major Niall MacDirmid, 8th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, married Miss Patricia Mackie Campbell, of Stonefield Tarbert, Argyll, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge*



*Belfrage — Hadcock*

*Capt. Colin Belfrage, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Belfrage, of Kiambu, Kenya, married Miss Josephine Mary Sibylla Hadcock, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Neville Hadcock, of Winchcombe Farm, Bucklebury, Berks, at Douai Abbey, Woolhampton, Berks*

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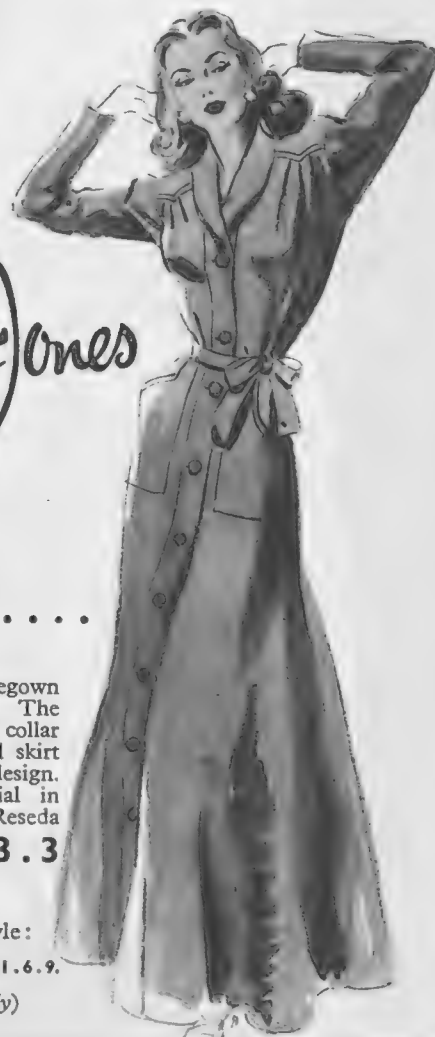
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### Stories from Everywhere

A SMALL canner in Alaska had trouble in selling his white salmon. Grocers told him that housewives wanted the pink kind. The canner solved the problem. He put a label on his tins which read: "Finest WHITE salmon—Guaranteed not to turn pink in the can."

AT a bus stop in the country a half-wit would take up his stand and become the butt of much ridicule. Whenever the passengers offered him the choice of a halfpenny or a penny, he invariably took the smaller coin. This had gone on for years, when someone took pity on him and told him that the penny was worth more than the half-penny.

"If I took the penny," the half-wit replied with a slow smile, "people would stop offering me money and I wouldn't even get the halfpenny."

A RATHER callow youth, just starting out on his career of "dates," remarked to the girl of the evening: "I went out with a nurse yesterday."

"Never mind, dear," replied the girl in bored tones, "perhaps in a year or two your mother will let you out without one."

ENTERING the Columbia University chapel to make an address, Dr. James Rowland Angell of Yale had an inspiration when he saw the word "Push" on the door. Launching into his address on aggressiveness, he announced that one quality more than any other was necessary to success. His text, he said, came not from the Bible, but was inscribed on the chapel door. The students, craning their necks, peered at the sign on the door. It read: "Pull."

SEVERAL hundred employees were being released from an American aircraft plant. Two Negroes were discussing the situation. Said one: "I thought I was froze to this job."

"Brother, you were froze," replied the other, "but now you are de-frosted."



Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Gregg and Stacy Elizabeth. Hubert Gregg is appearing in "While The Sun Shines," and Mrs. Gregg, better known as Zoe Gail, was formerly in the London Palladium show "Happy and Glorious," which finished its record-breaking run one day before Stacy Elizabeth was born. She was christened at the beginning of this month and Terence Rattigan was one of the godparents

HE was rather small, and had been used to sleeping with a night-light in the room, but his parents had decided that he must start sleeping in the dark. When his mother put out the light, he asked, plaintively: "Must I sleep in the dark, mummy?"

"Yes, darling," was the reply, "you are getting a big boy now."

There was a pause. Then: "May I say my prayers over again—more carefully?"

As a birthday gift, Jones had the idea of opening an account for his wife at a bank. Shortly afterwards, the bank manager met him and told him to tell his wife that her account was overdrawn.

Jones mentioned the matter to his better half, who heard the information with a casual: "Oh, is it?"

The next morning the bank manager received a communication from Mrs. Jones. When he opened the envelope he found a large sheet of paper, on which was written one word—"SNEAK!"

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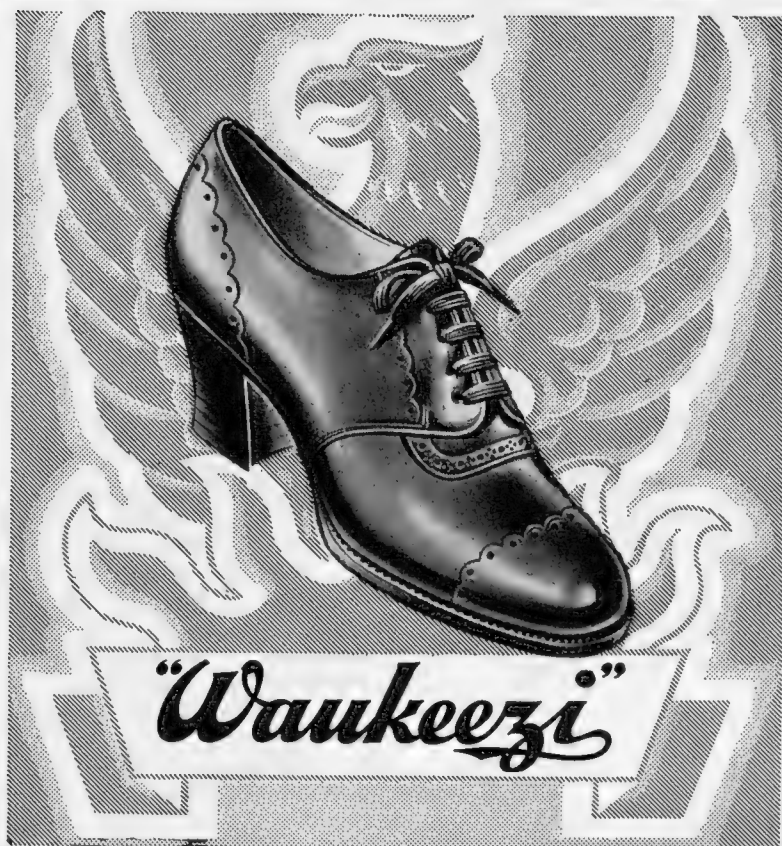


## Seventeen

—the age when feminine loveliness  
is being formed and when the deli-  
cate line, soon to reach a firmer  
mould, needs the gentle aid of

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## AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

### Forward the Clubs

STATE ownership and State control, like penicillin and having all your teeth taken out, are the modern cure-alls. They are prescribed for every kind of ill. Those who are neither State owned nor State controlled tend to feel terribly ill. Fortunately, there are still a few who refuse to be mesmerized either by Government officials or by doctors and who reject all kinds of medicine unless they really are ill.

The action of the flying clubs these last few months has been of this kind. They are not getting State aid. Yet they have had the hardness to behave as if they intend to get along without it. There has been a great deal of club activity and it now looks as if there will be quite a lot of club flying going on regularly before the end of the year. Flying charges are coming down. They began at about £6 an hour, but now many clubs offer a rate of less than £4 an hour and some go down to less than £3 an hour. The Auster Club is actually offering flying at 15s. an hour with the Auster with the smaller engine. How these low rates are achieved I do not know. Fuel charges are fixed, and they are not high. One hundred octane aviation spirit, bought in bulk retail, is 2s. 3½d. a gallon, with the lower octane ratings somewhat cheaper. But these charges still do not account for the low flying charges.

### Enterprise

I HARDLY like to disappoint Mr. Morrison, but it looks a little as if private enterprise can still do one thing public attempts at enterprise do not do: offer to the public efficient service at a cheap rate. So far my list of clubs which are active or are on the way to being active contains about a dozen names. Brooklands, as I hear from Captain Duncan Davis, is to combine with South Coast Flying Club and will start work at Shoreham at the end of June. Chief flying instructor is Flight Lieutenant Cecil Pashley and Squadron Leader Bertie Smallman is resuming his duties as secretary. Old Brooklands members should get in touch with Captain Davis or with Mr. A. Percy Bradley. One of the pleasant surprises about the

arrangements being made by the clubs is the revelation that there are still a fairly large number of Hornet Moths about. But it looks as if Tigers will bear the main load for some months.

### Parade

ALTHOUGH my admiration for senior officers of the Royal Air Force is unbounded, I feel that if I were to watch the Victory Parade and see them seated in their R.A.F. blue scout cars, solemnly driving along behind motor cyclists, I should be tempted to laugh. There is something funny about putting a very important man, in a very small car, and the spectacle of those eminent Marshals of the Royal Air Force, Air Chief Marshals and Air Marshals thus parading might produce an effect other than that intended.

It is the old problem, of course, of producing a ceremonial version of an air force officer. It is a most difficult thing to do. We had, quite early, the controversy about a sword and whether a ceremonial spanner would not be more appropriate. I have some doubt if, however hard it tries, the R.A.F. will ever be entirely at home on the parade ground.

### Swedish Air Lines

I AM glad to see that Swedish Air Lines have appointed Mr. Dennis Handover to be their Director for the United Kingdom and Eire. Handover has been in the aviation business since the early days and gained a high reputation for efficiency when he was Traffic Manager of Imperial Airways. He has lately been with the railways, as air adviser; but I imagine that the railways are now thinking of how they may gracefully get out of aviation. For when the State takes over there will not be any great point in their staying in it.



D. R. Stuart

**Group Captain and Mrs. Charles Simpson** who have just gone to Stockholm where Group Captain Simpson has been appointed British Air Attaché. He was commanding officer of T.T. and Bomber Command during the war, and married Miss Jean Hill-Lowe, daughter of Colonel Hill-Lowe, last year

Many people are thinking about going to Sweden where they hope to find the freedom and the fun that are no longer to be found here. And the Swedes are welcoming visitors. So the air traffic on these routes will probably grow rapidly during the next few years.

### Fast Car

MY ambition is now almost entirely concentrated upon remaining stationary or going extremely slowly. Yet the idea of a fast car that is also handy still appeals to me and I eagerly read the details of the new H.R.G. This car is one of those good power-weight ratio jobs that do a lot, for a small expenditure of fuel. One model has an aerodynamic body which has really been studied with the aim of reducing drag at high speeds and not only of producing a good-looking line. The engine is a four-cylinder of one and a half litres and twin carburetors. I believe that the

price of the sports two-seater, which is a 100-mile-an-hour car, is to be kept below £900 with the purchase tax—meaning that the car itself will be less than £700.

### Tangential Again

I WAS glad to see that Lord Swinton had returned to the consideration of the runway pattern at Heathrow and that the *Daily Mail* raised the question of the tangential pattern in a leading article. No one who has studied the subject believes that the triangular pattern, however patched up with odd lengths of runway in adjoining fields, can ever be as efficient as the tangential pattern. On the other hand, it is difficult for a Ministry which has got so involved with the wrong scheme as the Ministry of Civil Aviation has, to return on its tracks—especially when those tracks consist of many tons of concrete and hundreds of people thrown out of their homes.



HIS GRACE  
THE ARCHBISHOP  
OF YORK writes:

"I desire strongly to support the appeal that is being made on behalf of The Royal Cancer Hospital. The importance of its work, both in treatment and in research, must be acknowledged by all who have any knowledge of the sufferings and mortality caused by this dread disease. I trust, therefore, that the appeal may evoke a most generous response."

Please send a Gift to the Treasurer

The Royal  
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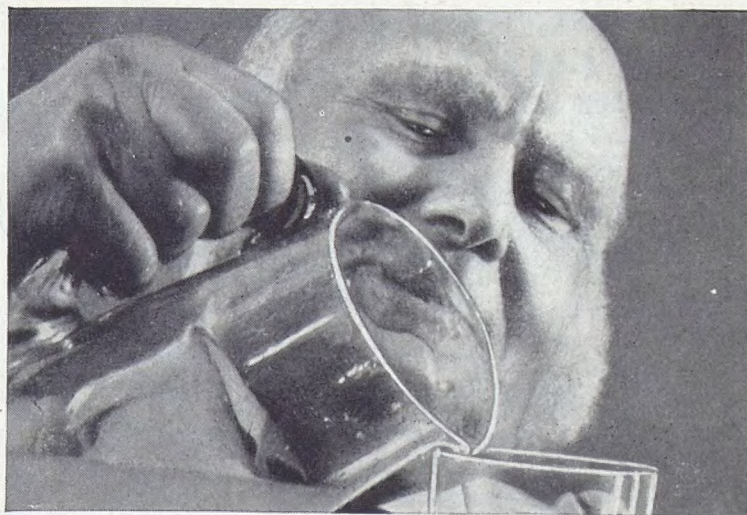
YES!...  
**CHIVERS**  
**JELLIES!**

*Excited?*

*Well, of course—*  
Chivers Jellies are coming into the shops again!! Not very many at first, unfortunately, but John and Mary are lucky—they are children, and grown ups have been asked to reserve these first supplies for children and invalids who really do need Chivers Jellies most.

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**Grand stuff this, sir**

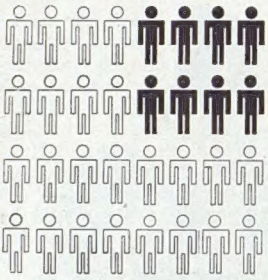
says OLD HETHERS

It's just the drink for a thirsty man. No, it isn't Robinson's Barley Water out of a bottle, though I'm not surprised you thought it was. It's made from Robinson's 'Patent' Barley, sold in tins. Bless you, no sir, it takes no time to make—just like a pot of tea. You're thinking of that old pearl barley you stewed for hours. I agree, sir, we'll all be glad to see the bottled kind back again, but don't go without your barley water in the meantime.

**Barley Water from**  
**ROBINSON'S**  
**'PATENT' BARLEY**



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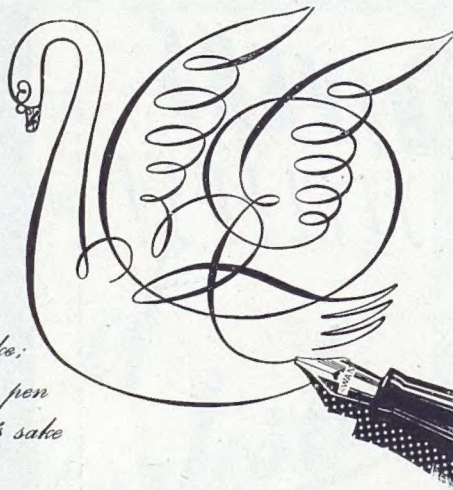
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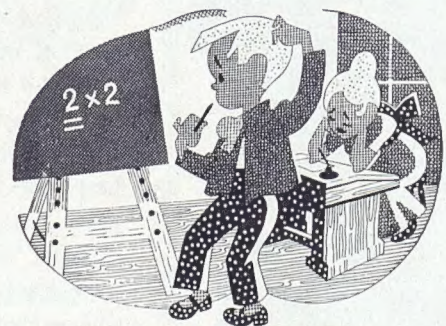
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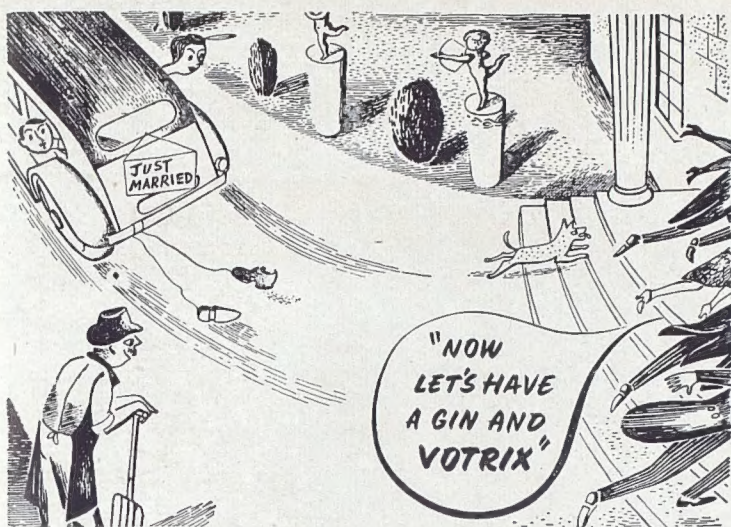


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**2** Let's ask the Squander Bug. "All nonsense!" says he. "Don't save. Spend *now*. What does it matter if goods are scarce and prices high?"



**3** "Don't get the spending itch!" says your Wiser Self. "Hang on for the things you really want. Wait until there's a wider choice and bigger supplies in the shops. Saving will get them, spending won't."



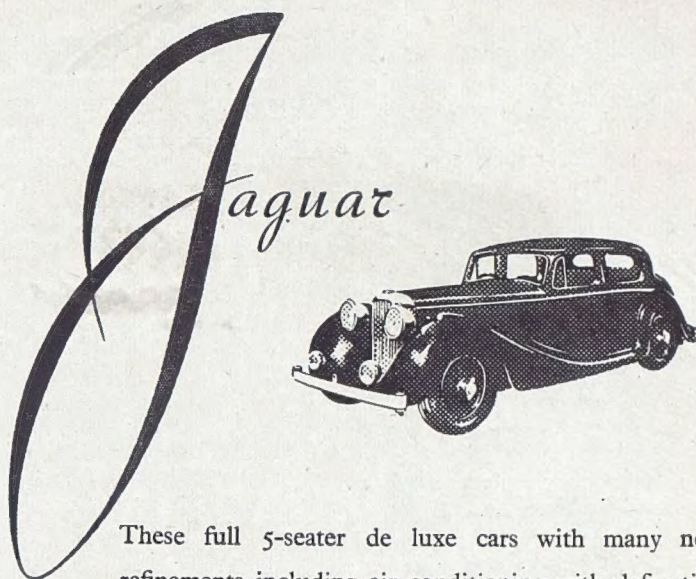
**HERE'S WHERE WE ALL COME IN**

**4** Our choice is easy. Let's go on saving. We'll spend to better advantage when times are better; in the meantime—"invest in Prosperity," is the motto!

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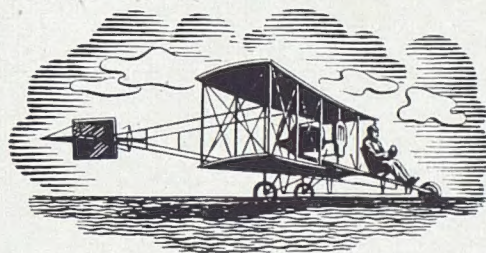
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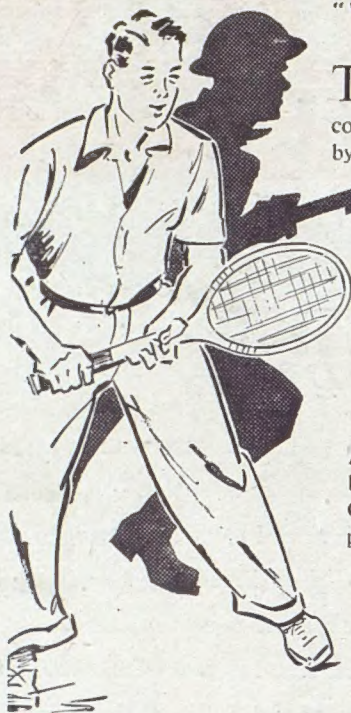
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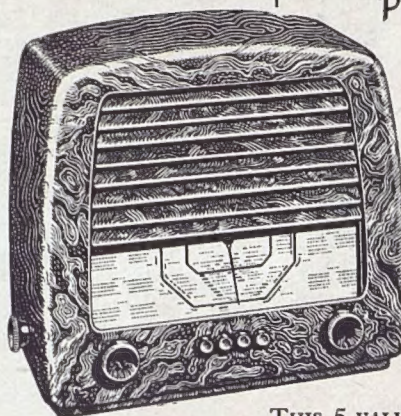
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